In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall bee well winged with our chiefest horse?
This, and Saint *George* to boote, what thinkest thou not.
Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth him a paper.*
This found I one my tent this morning.
Iockey of Norfolke, be not to bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
King. A thing deuised by the enemy,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuisde at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience, our swords our law.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell, *His oration to his army.*
What shall I say more then I haue inferd,
Remember who you are in cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, Rascols, and run-awayes,
A scum of Brittaines, and base lackey peasants,
Whome their ore cloyed countrey vomits forth
To desperate aduentures and assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe they bring you to vnrest:
You hauing lands, and blest with beautious wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milke-sop one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of *France*,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themselues.
If we be conquered let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heire of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,

Right

Right Gentlemen of *England* fight bold
Draw Archers, draw you arowes to th
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride
Amaze the welkin with your broken s
What saies Lord Stanley will he bring
Mes. My Lord he doth deny to come
King. Off with his sonne *Georges* hea
Nor. My Lord the enemy is past th
After the battell let George Stanley di
King. A thousand hearts are great wi
Aduance our standards, set vpon our
Our ancient word of courage faire San
Inspire vs with the speene of fiery Dra
Vpon them, victory sits on our helpe
Alarum excursions, Enter
Cat. Rescew my Lord of *Norfolke*,
The King enacts more wonders then
Daring an opposite to euery danger,
His horse is slaine, and all one foote he
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat o
Rescew, faire Lord, or else the day is
King. A horse, a horse my Kingdom
Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe y
King. Slaue I haue set my life vpon
And I will stand the hazard of the di
I thinke there be sixe *Richmonds* in th
Fiue haue I slaine to day instead of h
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a h
Alarum, Enter Richard & Richmon
slaine then retrait being sounded. E
bearing the Crowne with other Lor
Rich. God and your arme be pra
The day is ours the bloudie dog is de
Dar. Couragious Richmond, well
Loe heere this long vsurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloudy
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy brow
Weare it, and make much of it.
Rich. Great God of heauen say A

M a

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.52)